



# 2045



globalwarming

sciencefiction

future

27 0 2

## Chapter 1 by Christina van Beek

*People say your surroundings don't affect your personality. I say it does affect your way of life. Because the very moment your surrounding changes, everything changes.*

"All people of section 58½, get in the Flask! I repeat, everyone get in the Flask! Everyone, please, hurry up!" I hurried toward him. Sunburnt from the exceptionally hot sun, and tired from the constant walking and running through the everlasting desert.

"Ky, what's the matter this time?" I panted.

"The professor predicted another wildfire somewhere nearby, we can't risk it hitting us, Bree," Ky answered. "Everyone in the Flask! Jaxon, Kold, help the elderly in!"

"Yes, Ky." They replied and obeyed his command.

"How many times is there left 'til it starts?" I asked.

"According to the professor, around 15 minutes."

"How will we get everyone in in time?"

"Don't worry, everyone'll get in safely," Ky assured her. "Lynn!"

"Yes, Ky?" A girl looked up.

"Make sure everyone gets in, make sure no-one gets left behind!" Ky commanded. "And you

Bree, get the remaining kids inside as well. Got it, obeyed. As I was getting the few kids that were left over into the Flask, I thought about this. This horrible future. This horrible future that had been predicted. I mean, I had heard something about global warming because I mean, it was really scary. It was so scary, it was surreal, but it certainly WAS real. So since no-one did something about it, the world had been changing. Natural

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

disasters were about 30% more likely to happen, there was an unbearable drought everywhere, even though there were more floods than ever before. People were dying because of it. It was 2045. Almost all children had died, no-one was really able to put up with all of this. Only the strongest of us remained. Animals had mutated to strange creatures to be able to survive in this new world. Many people had been bitten by some of those mutants and had gotten strange diseases no-one had ever seen before. No-one knew a cure. All of the human survivors had built up several shelters all around the world to keep all remaining human race alive. Everyone called them 'the Flask'. This shelter provided food, water, and other resources, to keep all of us alive. Everything was grown in the Flask, which was huge. There were gigantic farming fields and artificial sunlight to keep all the crops growing. All the water we needed, we got from the sea, we purified it to be able to drink it.

I have heard elderly talk about something, I'll try to remember the conversation...

"North Dakota didn't use to be like this at all." I don't know how it used to be before. I was born in 2027, 2 years before the extreme changes really began. I hardly remember any of this world before this.

When the extreme changes really started, everyone instantly panicked. And they had the right to. Some of them died in an earthquake, others by a flood or a tsunami, an avalanche, an active volcano, a bite by a mutant animal, drought, there were many reluctant causes of death, but some did crazy things when panicking. Some took their own lives to not have to endure all those horrible things anymore.

The section I am in is section 58½ in the US. Many states had been divided into several sections, even though the population was less than the half of what it used to be. North Dakota also was one of those states. It was divided into two large groups of over 1000 people. Section 58 and section 58½, both led by the Amory family, who had led the sections since they were the only ones really able to, they said. And they were right. Ky's father, Eric Amory, had led the sections before his sons. But when he passed away back in 2039, his sons took it from there and divided the section in two. Section 58 and 58½. Ky's brother, Axel, was the leader of section 58. I have never met him, but I suppose that he's a good leader, just like Ky.

Bree? A what I suppose was a 5-year-old girl asked

"Yeah, kid?" I replied

Am I going to survive this?

"I don't know kid, I don't k

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"There you are!" I heard a familiar voice yell to me. "I've been looking all over for you!" I turned around and saw my best friend, Undine.

"Undine, where were you?" I asked.

"Looking for you, silly!" She replied. She sat next to me. "Another fire, huh?"

"I guess so." I simply said as I stared into space.

"Do you think this will ever stop?" Undine asked.

"No."

"Don't you have hope?"

"What is there to have hope for?" I interjected. "The harm has been done, the world has been destroyed, we are nothing but its leftovers."

"Someday it will get better," Undine said. "I'm sure the professor is working on something."

"It's really unlikely it will work," I replied. "Our technology hasn't improved since we were born, so I don't think there's any hope for that."

"Do you really think the human race will die off someday soon?" Undine asked.

"I don't hope so, but I think so," Bree answered. "Things are only getting worse by the minute. I don't even think the Earth itself is able to take this." There was a short silence when Bree knew what to say next. "You remember the solar storm of 10 years ago?"

"Yes, why?" Undine replied. "Don't tell me it's coming back again."

"Afraid it is," Bree said. "And Professor told me it would be worse this time."

"When is it?" Undine asked.

"Professor said that it will happen in a matter of weeks," Bree replied. "It will be the worst happened until now."

"Is it strong enough to wipe every one of us off the Earth as we know it?" Undine asked, worriedly and afraid. "The only Earth we ever get?" Bree could see the fear in Undine's eyes. In her puppy eyes, looking up at Bree.

"Undine, don't be afraid." Bree, not knowing how to console someone, was trying to find the right words. "There's still a chance of us surviving."

"Yeah, I know," Undine said. "I know..."

(No plagiarizing! This chapter is for you to write.) [See more of Story Wars](#)

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account